

More news from the BASEMENT

- Ladies' Vest with short sleeves in white only. Price 45c
Ladies' Vest with built-up shoulder strap in white only. Price 39c
Ladies' Silk-Strip Bloomers. Small, medium and large sizes. Price 39c
Harveyettes, vest and pants. Small, medium and large. Price, each 39c
Ladies Short-Sleeved Flannelette Pajamas. Price 79c
White fancy-trimmed Ladies' Flannelette Nightgowns. Prices 59c, 69c and 79c
Linen Dish towels. Price, each 15c
Fancy-colored Terry Towels. Price 35c
Pillow slips. Standard size. Price 15c
Roll of paper towels, a roll 19c
Metal brackets. 39c
Children's Jersey dresses in blue, green and red check. Sizes 10-14. Price 79c
Ladies' House-dresses, sizes 14-38. Price 79c
A line of Ladies' House-dresses clearing for 59c
House-dresses sizes 42-52. Price 1.19
Ladies' Crepe Dresses in black, navy, brown and rust. Price 1.98
Ladies' Felt Hats clearing at 49c
Children's All Wool Overhose in brown, scarlet and black. Sizes 6 1/2-9 1/2. Price a pair 35c
Children's Fleece-lined Bloomers in navy and peach. Price 39c
Women's Fleece-lined Bloomers. Colors, navy, peach, pink and grey. Sizes 34-46. Price 49c

MEN'S

- Men's Heavy All Wool work pants 2.75
Men's Lumbermen Sox 79c
Men's Heavy Grey Domest Work Shirts 98c
Men's Heavy Jumbo Knit Work Sweaters 1.98
Men's Flannelette Pajamas 1.00
Men's All Wool Work Sox 25c
Men's Broadcloth shirts color, Blue, white and Tan 69c
Men's Sweat Shirts. Color Royal, Navy, White and Maroon 89c
Men's Leather Caps with ear band 1.00
Men's Fancy Coat Sweaters 2.39
Boys' Mackinaw Wind-breakers, Reg. \$2.25 to clear 1.29
Boys Fleece-lined combination 79c
Boys' Grey Domest Work Shirts 50c
Boys' Heavy Cheviot Cheviot Reefers 3.50
Boys Navy Cheviot Knickers 98c
Boys' Whipcord Breeches double seat 1.50
Boys' All Wool Buttoned neck sweaters 89c
Boys' Heavy Golf Hose Heather Mixture 25c
Boys' Fancy broad-cloth shirts 59c
Boys' Lumbermen Sox 50c

Moore & McLeod Limited

WEST ROYALTY W. I. Reports were given from different committees and program committee put on a very interesting program.
January meeting to be held at Mrs. Athol Roberts; roll call to be answered with our donation for box for dispensary.
A very dainty lunch was served by the hostess and the meeting closed with National Anthem.

ROUND TRIP BARGAIN FARES Via Saint John - All Rail To BOSTON and NEW YORK \$13.00 \$18.00
FROM ALL STATIONS ON PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND
Going: FRIDAY, JANUARY 29, 1937
Return From Boston, Tuesday, February 2, 1937
Limit: From New York, Wednesday, February 3, 1937

IMMIGRATION PERMITS—(Important) Passengers should be in possession of a letter IN DUPLICATE from their bank manager, clergyman or government official, certifying as to their name and complete address; citizenship; intended length of stay in the United States; and the name and complete address of person to whom destined. The letter should be signed by applicant in the presence of the issuing official.
Persons who are NOT citizens of Canada, or British subjects domiciled in Canada, require passports used by an American Consul. This letter may also be used when re-entering Canada.

Children of Five and Under Twelve Years of Age HALF FARE. Tickets Good in DAY COACHES ONLY. BUY YOUR TICKET EARLY
Consult Nearest Ticket Agent For Further Information. CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS Use Canadian National Telegraphs

"The Humor Of Huang-Chen"

By PETER CHEYNEY

In the early part of the eighteenth century, in the north east of the Province of Shan-Si—almost within sight of the spot where the Great Wall sweeps towards Yenan, there dwelt Huang Chen, who called himself Lord of The Thousand Stars.
He weighed nineteen stones and his rat-tail moustaches hung but eighteen inches from the ground. Also he claimed descent from Chin Shing Huang Ti, who built the Great Wall in 246 B. C.
With seven thousand spears he raided, robbed and extracted protection-toll, a process in which he found much food for laughter.
Below on the other side of the Valley of Flowers, below Fan-Sing, there lived Li-Tok, the rival of Huang Chen. He was thin, sardonic, and without humour.
These two feared nothing save each other; and, during forty years of successful banditry, terminated on the one side by the death of Li-Tok—the circumstances of which are about to be related—they lost no opportunity for vengeance of the most diabolical kind, carried out with the urbane courtesy expected from Chinese gentlemen.
The evening sun was sinking below the foot-hills behind the Valley of Six Great Stones, when Huang Chen, gasping a little for breath as he sat beneath a canopy of purple silk supported on camphor tree poles, saw, in the distance, a horseman, snuffing madly towards him.
Huang, who was suffering from a period of inactivity and an attack of indigestion following a heavy meal of dog's fat and rice mixed with hot spice, glanced with apparent nonchalance towards the rider, and his expression was still urbane when the man, a broken arrow sticking out from his breast, dismounted some twenty yards from the canopy and staggered towards the West.
"O, Father of the Moon!" he cried. "Hear me! May yellow dogs defile the graves of my ancestor, but this morning of my ancestor, still being on the grass. Li-Tok, with a thousand spears, raided across the Valley of Flowers and hath burned to the ground the Gold Pavilion which you built but last year!"
Huang Chen folded his hands across his portly belly, which swathed in blue silk worked with golden dragons, awoke all beholders. "O, Ho-Sang," he said softly. "Let this thing trouble you less than the arrow which sticks in my middle. Go... die in peace."
The man staggered away and Huang Chen considered deeply. None of those about him spoke, for they were aware of the condition of his mind.
Soon after there came Chen-Hun, one of Huang's lieutenants, and the six men who had escaped after a vain attempt at defence of the Gold Pavilion. They had with them an old man who was blind and whose tongue had been cut out.
"Thou traitor one," said Chen-Hun, grovelling on the ground, at the same time keeping his hand over the spear which he held in his left side. "I live only that I may one day strike a blow at the accursed Li-Tok. But though the Gold Pavilion is but ashes, still I bring something. Behold"—he indicated the old man who stood apart—"This man, Shadow of the Moon," he continued, "is the most famed physician in all China. The great Ho Tong himself cut out his tongue so that he should never speak of his wonderful cures. This one, Great Master, we found, with six slaves, travelling towards the palace of Li-Tok."
Huang Chen smiled. "Hath Li-Tok need of a physician, Chen-Hun?"
"Great Lord, He is afraid," the man answered. "The plague is rife in the lower valley, and this physician is the only one in all China who can cure it."
Huang Chen nodded. Then he looked at the physician, who in his red silk robe, his hands folded in his sleeves stood outside the pavilion, and he stared slightly before him. The man's scrutiny of Huang Chen was long, and his keen little eyes concentrated themselves on the parchment-like face of the doctor. Suddenly he began to smile and called to him Wang, his chief lieutenant, and whispered to him for a while.
"Take him away," he said eventually, indicating the doctor, "and put him in a bamboo cage. Let no man approach him, for I say that this doctor is too great to be defiled by the touch of lesser men."
Then, with extreme difficulty he got to his feet and waddled uncertainly down the path towards the pavilion. He was very deep in thought.
In the evening when the lanterns swung from the branches of the catalpa trees outside the pavilion, Huang Chen, swathed in a robe of catbear fur, sent for his daughter, Rosy Pearl.
"Consider, my daughter," he said, as she stood before him, "the beauty of filial obedience and devotion. It is as the stars that shine from the celestial carpet above, and as the lily which pushes itself through the still surface of the turbid stream. Listen, then, my daughter, with care, for I would not lose you."
Rosy Pearl bowed. "My father," she said softly, "I am as water in your hand."
Huan Chen nodded. "To-morrow, my child," he said, "accompanied by six spearmen only, your litter will be carried down to the Valley of Flowers. There you will walk and ponder in the sunshine. Upon the other side of the valley, in the foothills, lurk the spies of Li-Tok.
"Sweet child, they will observe you, and seeing the weak escort that accompanies you, they will seize upon you and carry you off to Li-Tok.
"You will go quietly with them, my child, without protest, trusting always in the wisdom of thy father. And when you have been but two days with Li-Tok, then you shall tell him, or his wife, or anyone in his house that a sickness has come upon you.
"Go in peace, sweet Rosy Pearl." She bowed three times.
"I am much honoured to be the daughter of my father," she said. "Celestial Parent, I shall do thy bidding to the utmost."
Two hours after noon on the following day a band of Li-Tok's spears, riding swiftly on the shaggy Manchurian ponies, swept down upon the litter of Rosy Pearl in the Valley of Flowers. They killed the bearers and the six spearmen and went off, the litter swinging between two horses, pleased with their prize yet not knowing how great that prize was.
(To be Continued)

Conservation

(Continued from page 9)

The legal position of fish-eating birds in the United States is, in fact, rather satisfactory, and present laws if neither disobeyed nor relaxed would assure indefinitely the preservation of a large proportion of the group. Of species inhabiting the mainland, only the following are not protected by federal law and some of them receive local protection: Pelicans (3 species and subspecies), cormorants (10), water turkey (1), ibises (5), spoonbill (1), Kingfishers (4) and osprey (1). Some of these are among the most peculiar and interesting of birds, not only of the United States, but also of the world, and we shall permit any further diminution in their already depleted ranks. We import from foreign lands many birds of no more, if as much, interest, paying for their capture and transportation, and for their subsequent maintenance in numerous zoological gardens—an objective certainly not to be compared in merit with keeping some of our native birds alive in a state of nature.

As this seems lacking for the federal government to give legal protection to these especially interesting and threatened species in the ordinary way, the defect probably can be overcome by legislation naming the birds themselves national monuments, thus making them wards of the United States government wherever within its jurisdiction their migrations may carry them.
The evidence is that many of our people are genuine conservationists, earnestly interested in the welfare of wild life. Why not more? The attitude is not outside the innate capacity or even the conscious desire of the average person. It needs only cultivation. It is the extension to wild life of the friendliness, the fellow feeling that almost everyone has for a dog. With a feeling of fellowship, and a desire to understand, it is a revelation what enjoyment there is in every such experience, conviction deepens that after all we are fellow creatures, each in his own way engaged in the pursuit of happiness. It does not take many realizations of this vital truth to make a nature lover—one whose attitude towards wild things, on every possible occasion, will be that of appreciating and protecting because he enjoys, instead of dominating and exploiting because he can.

To those who need example, it may be said that one can be a nature lover and be in the best of company. It will not hurt anyone to be more like Robert Burns, whose laments for the homeless field mouse and for the broken daisy have moved the hearts of all men, or more like Rudyard Kipling, whose beautiful stories of the jungle brothers of the jungle are world renowned. It will not harm any man to try to stand in the company of Henry Thoreau, John Muir and John Burroughs, whose worship of Nature has ennobled their writings, and whose writings have ennobled America.

League Told Spain Free Of Epidemics (C.P. Cable By Guardian's Special Wire)
GENEVA, Jan. 21.—The League of Nations health mission to Spain—chosen by the health organization of the League and consisting of two French and one Polish doctor—to-night presented its report to a private sitting of the League Council. The report paints in unexpected co-ordination with a million refugees. It declares the state of health to be satisfactory, appearing to have been affected neither by the disturbances nor by the accompanying movement of population. Nowhere, not even in Madrid, has any epidemic focus been reported.

CUDMORE'S INDIVIDUAL DRY CLEANERS Try Our Dollar Services On SUITS

Newsy Notes

(Continued from page 9)

company with Bowes' mistresses. While the divorce suit was pending, Bowes, by an artful scheme, again obtained possession of her ladyship's person, carried her to Streatham Castle—another ancestral seat—and endeavored to persuade her to be reconciled to him. But her friends from London backed by the law, were on his track and he fled from Streatham, carrying her ladyship with him. He was overtaken at Darlington and the Countess was delivered out of his hands. This time he was bound over to keep the peace in sureties of himself for £10,000 and two other sureties of £5,000 each.

The trial "for conspiring against Lady Strathmore to assault and imprison her," took place on May 10th, 1787. Much evidence of ill-usage came to light, and the result was that Stoney Bowes was sentenced to a fine of £300, also to three years' imprisonment, and to keep the peace for fourteen years. Lady Strathmore now played a trump card; she brought action to set aside the deed by which she had transferred her income, rents, and other properties to Bowes shortly after her marriage. The trial went entirely in her favor, and Bowes was deprived of all the property and ordered to give up all the rents he had received; which, of course, he could not do, as he had spent them. They were consequently entered against him as a debt and he was cast into prison where he remained till his death in June 1810.

In March, 1789, Lady Strathmore was restored to her property and freed from the unfortunate condition she had formed. After the long struggle she enjoyed a tranquil life for eleven years; she died in April, 1800, and in agreement with her last wishes her tombstone is to be seen in the "Poet's Corner" of Westminster Abbey, where she was interred.

Jesse Foote, a surgeon who attended Stoney, and who wrote the memoirs of his life, does not draw an altogether lovely portrait of him. "His person was rather in his favor, and his address was probably, when young, captivating. His speech was soft, his height more than five feet ten inches, his eyes were bright and small, and he had a perfect command over them; his hair light and his complexion ruddy, his smile was agreeable, his wit ready; but he was always the first to laugh at what he said, which forced others to laugh also. His conversation was shallow, his education base, and his utterance was in a low tone, and hissing. There was something un-pleasant in the connection of his nose with his upper lip; he never could talk without curving, being also moved ridiculously with the upper lip." And with this personal tribute we take our leave of Stoney Bowes.

Baeda's History (5)

Baeda tells us how Christianity was called upon to penetrate the rude lives of our teutonic ancestors, the process was a long one, lasting from the fourth to the eleventh century, on the Continent of Europe. The seventh century is that of the Anglo-Saxon conversion, while the eighth, Baeda's own century, is "the Golden Age of Early English Christianity." Alas, in the ninth century, the heathen Danes swept over the country, wave-like and the work had largely to be done over again.

In Baeda's time, then, Christian Kings were on the throne, and from the monasteries everywhere flowed a new and fascinating stream of learning. "From his own Jarow" (on Tyne), says Vera Scudder, "the best text of the Vulgate, the Codex Amiatinus, comes to us." A new and curious tone of joy awoke in England, as the old paganism, with its tales of the sad grey seas, and menacing lands peopled with demons and dragons, fled before the new and gracious light.

Miracles occupy many pages of the history, but they are homely miracles, clearly not artificial, as those of later times were said to be. "It is an interesting evidence of Baeda's honesty that he is chary of miracles in the period where he had only tradition to guide him, and multiplies them as he approaches the time when he could sift his testimony himself," says a commentator. At a time when faith in Christianity is being assailed both openly and insidiously, it is indeed refreshing to turn aside at times and read of "the deep religious currents of love and healing through the channels of daily life," which Baeda's History presents to our view.

The two visions so naively related in the History "are original adventures of the human soul.... They are earliest reports from that strange region... from which Dante was to bring back perhaps the last authentic message." The vision vouchsafed to that Northumbrian, "who had been some time dead, and rose again to life," informs us of the evidence that takes us but to the entrance to the Pit, "and the far light of Heaven." "He had a shining countenance and a bright garment, and we went on silently, as I thought, towards the north-east. Walking on, we came to a vale of great breadth but of infinite length; on the left full of dreadful flames; the other side with hail and cold snow flying in all directions; both places were full of men's souls, which seemed to be tossed from one side to the other, as it were by a violent storm; for when the wretches could no longer endure the excess of heat, they leaped into the middle of the cutting cold; and finding no rest there, they leaped back again into the middle of the unquenchable flames... I began to

NEW TELEPHONE DIRECTORY

A NEW issue of the Island Telephone Directory is scheduled for publication on April 1st. Listings will be closed on February 15th. Persons who intend to become Telephone Subscribers at this time, and subscribers who wish changes made in their present listings, are urged to send their requests to our nearest Business Office at once. We cannot undertake to give effect in the new issue to orders received after February 15th. Please note carefully this closing date.

ISLAND TELEPHONE CO., LIMITED

Mr. Linus McQuaid, Green Bay, spent the week-end in Brookvale, the guests of his grand-parents Mr. and Mrs. Tobias Coady.

The marriage took place recently of Mr. Michael Costello of Green Bay and Miss Teresa Murray of Tyrone. Mr. Costello is a prosperous young farmer and their many friends wish him and his bride a long and happy wedded life.

The funeral of the late Mrs. F. J. Trainor took place on Saturday morning, Jan. 9th from her late residence Tyrone to St. Anne's Church, Lot 65, and was largely attended. The sympathy of the entire community goes out to Mr. Trainor and his young family in their sad loss.

Mr. Percy Myers, Martinvale, who has created a new home on his farm at Riverton, moved there recently, and is wished every success by his many friends.

Word was received recently in this vicinity that Mrs. George Wilson of Nova Scotia died suddenly at her home. Mr. George Wilson was formerly of Gardigan Head, and his many friends on P. E. I. extend their sincerest sympathies to him at this time.

Mr. D. J. MacArthur, teacher, Lorne Valley, was in Charlottetown Saturday on business.

The favorite winter sport, skating was indulged to a large extent during the past week, by a large number of young people from surrounding communities.

EXPIATE CRIMES (A.P. By Guardian's Special Wire) OSSINING, N. Y., Jan. 21.—Four convicted murderers—including John Florence, slayer of Nancy Tilferton, New York author—were executed tonight in Sing Sing prison. The others were three negroes—Chester White, 33; Fred Fowler, 19; and Charles Ham, 28.

Gardigan and Vicinity

The January meeting of the Lorne Valley W. M. S. was held on Wednesday night, January 13th, at the home of Mrs. Murdoch MacDonald with the usual attendance present, regular programme was carried out by the new President Mrs. Reuben McCannell. Next meeting to be held at the home of Mrs. Mustard, Gardigan Head.

Mr. Walter Shaw, Lorne Valley, is visiting for past two weeks at his sister's Mrs. John MacQueen, Uigg.

Mrs. Ewen MacLeod, Strathcona, is visiting in Lorne Valley for the past week, the guest of her mother Mrs. James Shaw.

The people of Martinvale and vicinity extend a warm welcome to Mrs. Melville Robbins and family of Cambridge, Mass., who recently arrived on the Island and plan to make their future home in Martinvale.

Green Bay & Vicinity

Mr. William Costello, recently spent a few days visiting friends in South Melville.

Mr. Leo Cusack has returned to resume his studies at P. W. C.

Mr. Thomas McQuaid, Green Bay, spent the week-end in the city.

Mr. Russell Flood has returned to U. C. C. to resume his studies.

Miss Mamie Costello spent the holiday at her home in Green Bay.

Miss Hazel Barrett, Charlottetown spent the holidays visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose Barrett.

Miss Rita Smith, Brookvale, is visiting her sister, Mrs. James A. Cudmore, Green Bay.

Miss Helen Carragher who has attended P. W. C. since last September spent the holidays at her home in Green Bay and has now returned to Charlottetown and is taking a business course.

Mr. Thomas Gass of Trail, B. C. was a welcome visitor to Green Bay recently after an absence of nine years.

Mr. George Barrett, Green Bay's grand old man is still hale and hearty.

Mr. James McCallery, Riverton, has returned from a visit to Boston.

How to Ease a Cold Quickly



Get Quick-Acting, Quick-Dissolving "Aspirin." Take 2 Tablets

The modern way to ease a cold is this: Two "Aspirin" tablets the moment you feel a cold coming on. Then repeat, if necessary, according to instructions in the box. At the same time, if you have a sore throat, crush and dissolve three "Aspirin" tablets in one-third glass of water. And gargle with this mixture twice. The "Aspirin" you take internally will act to combat fever, cold pains and the cold itself. The gargle will provide almost instant relief from rawness and pain, acting like a local anesthetic on the irritated membrane of your throat. Try this way. Your doctor, we know, will endorse it. For it is quick, effective and ends the taking of strong medicines for a cold. "Aspirin" tablets are made in Canada. "Aspirin" is the registered trade-mark of the Bayer Company, Limited, of Windsor, Ontario. Look for the name Bayer in the form of a cross on every tablet. Demand and Get-ASPIRIN